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Where social pleasure warms,
And nature's beauties cheer ;
To roam the mountain's brow,
Elate and unconfined ;
To range the vallies low,
Free as the passing wind ;
To lead upon the green,
The joyous dance along ;
When villagers were seen,
To cheer the rustic song ;
When e'en the neighbouring groves,
Their melody would join ;
And warblers' tuneful loves,
Could transport add to mine.
Oh ! cease your meltings, cease,
Ye mind me of my home ;
When every thought was peace,
I dream'd no ills to come.
Oh ! memory, anguish burns
My agonizing soul ;
Despair—regret by turns,
Exert their fierce controul.
Now Discord flies abroad,
And broods o'er rival kings ;
She shades th' ensanguin'd road,
With Horror's dusky wings.
Helvetia ! fated land !
To tyrant rule a prey !
Thy youth—a mournful band,
Are rudely torn away.
Not ev'n the golden star
Of Freedom lights their eyes ;
And guides their feet to war,
And bids their valour rise.
Oh ! Liberty, the sound
Is wounding to my ear,
Till other Tells be found,
The view is dark and drear.
But Freedom's corse entomb'd,
Till Phoenix-like she rise ;
Her sons, alas ! are doom'd,
To leave their native skies.
And shall their valour join,
To crush their tyrant's foe ?
Shall freedom's sons combine,
Slaves—to lay freedom low ?
No, Altorf ! high and proud,
Thy soul the thought will spurn ;
Fame may proclaim aloud,
What base-born wretches mourn.
But thou wilt meet thy fate,
With spirit proudly free,
Nor shall a tyrant's hate,
Nor death have fears for thee.
Thus on the shores where Ister rolls his
flood,
A hurling torrent, rapid, deep, and
wide ;

Two frowning armies, breathing horror
stood,
(Their hostile camps the far-famed
waves divide.)
Young Altorf heard the strains that fired
his breast,
Where far remov'd the scatter'd squa-
drons lay ;
The moon arose in silver radiance drest,
And solemn silence crown'd the parting
day.
Brave was the youth, and ever at the call
Of glory, patriot-worth, his spirit glow-
ed ;
Now tyrant laws his generous mind en-
thral,
And quench the flame with dire oppres-
sion's load.
Sad Philomel, with sympathetic strain,
As if to ease his sorrows warbled nigh ;
Alas ! her plaintive notes were heard in
vain.
Or only answered with a heaving sigh.
And now from day to day, he pines with
grief,
Nor ever peaceful slumber seals his
eyes,
Till heaven in mercy sends the wished re-
lief,
And far from home—friends—country,
Altorf dies !
August, 1809. T.H.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY ———, ON THE
ORIGINAL AND PRESENT STATE OF MAN.

THOUGH obscurity spreads her dark
veil,
O'er the mind and the features of man,
Yet the gloom cannot wholly conceal
What he was when creation began ;
Like a monarch who seated on high,
Falling suddenly down from his throne,
There flashes from man's speaking eye,
Some semblance of dignity flown ;
In his bosom a monitor pleads,
In accents impressive and meek,
To virtue and love it persuades,
Nor ceases with ardour to speak :
It tells him the skies are thy home,
This earth cannot be thy abode,
It says—from true peace thou dost roam,
While thy heart is a stranger to God.
Not all that this world calls great,
Can fill up the void in man's breast,
Let him roll in the splendour of state,
Yet still he wants comfort and rest ;
In the moment when pleasures surround,
He seeks but in vain for repose,
In eternity's bosom 'tis found,
There virtue true happiness knows.